March 29 - Thursday.

My darling Joe: —

So hopelessly lonesome was I for you to-day — that I felt that I could stand it no longer. What did I do? I coaxed Mrs Swallowitz allowing me to leave the dispensary about 10.30 on the pretense of going shopping and went over to see Rose. I felt it would be a relief to talk about you to some one, even if I couldn't see you. I did not tell this to Rose of course — who was so surprised to see me, wondering what could have happened to bring

like that sounds — and I don't know the reason why. Never did I think it possible to feel so lonesome in a place where practically all my friends and relations are to make me happy, yet see what a difference there is when your One is not among them. Even their number and combined great love can not overcome my lonesomeness and longing for you. And sweetheart, now I know, and my heart will ever ache for you because you are so far from everyone you hold dear and love. Perhaps it shan't be for much longer — perhaps who can tell, you may come back even this summer. In all events

down at such an hour. I was more than happy to see Rose — for it seemed ages since last we met. But I could only spend about a half hour with her, because I knew it is almost impossible to make connections (traffic is so poor and slow near the river) and that I should probably have to walk back — which is just what happened. I felt a tiny weeny little bit better — but not much; for this has been the dullest, lonesomest, bluest, cheerless and dreariest day I have ever put through. It was a regular wooley, wissy, woozley day — or rather a day

Joe, you know how much I love you

And Joe, if you only knew how well I am, you wouldn't fret so — and threaten to bite off noses, innocent noses, which have already been amputated, and hardly given time to grow again. Why, I never felt better in all my life as far as physical health is concerned! Really and truly Joe, it was only for a day or so that I felt that I was going to get a cold, and of course had to scream before I was hurt. But what over discomforts I had have long since passed away — and have long since been forgotten. But, Joe, how came you to caution me so, and disregard your own advice and get yourself such a cold? Now, you must practise what you preach, and, do, Joe take care of yourself. Are you doing anything for it? At least put vaseline in the nostrils and on the nose. This will not only relieve the irritation, but it will help cure the cold. And then if you will take some rhenitus tablets as well you will be surprised to see the quick change. Tell me in your next letter how you feel, don't forget!

You will probably smile, just as I did when I read your letter, but do you know Joe, day before

Now, I must close for I promise Nell to go out with her this evening and she has been calling me at the top of her voice, at least a dozen of times.

Do good-night, Sweetheart, and don't forget to dream of me once in awhile and dream of your lonely always.

Loongly,
Your France.

yesterday, my eyes ached dreadfully just as yours did. This is something new to me, and I was worried. Thinking that I had probably strained them, I refrained from reading and sewing that day. I even told it to mr. Swallow and remarked to him that I had never had that pain or feeling in my eyes before — do you think it could be that my eyes were sympathizing with yours? I can't understand it. Since then they have given me no trouble. Hope yours eyes are feeling better, too.